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Bullies and Denial Kill

Let Us Teach Our Children
Not to Be Abusive While
We Teach Them to Survive

Volume 2

Kids Care for Kids

The Very Special Little Person
Merry Milly
Jolly Jamie

Written by Elaine J. Barbeau

Do What is Right

Written by Adrian Mathai
and Elaine J. Barbeau

Illustrated by Aneel Suresh

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This One

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This book is part of the series:
Bullies and Denial Kill
Let Us Teach Our Children Not to Be Abusive
While We Teach Them to Survive

Volume 1
A Guide for Parents, Educators and Teachers

Volume 2
Kids Care for Kids

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To my precious daughters Melissa and
Amelia and to my precious grandsons
Ely, Oliver, Benjamin and Nicholas.

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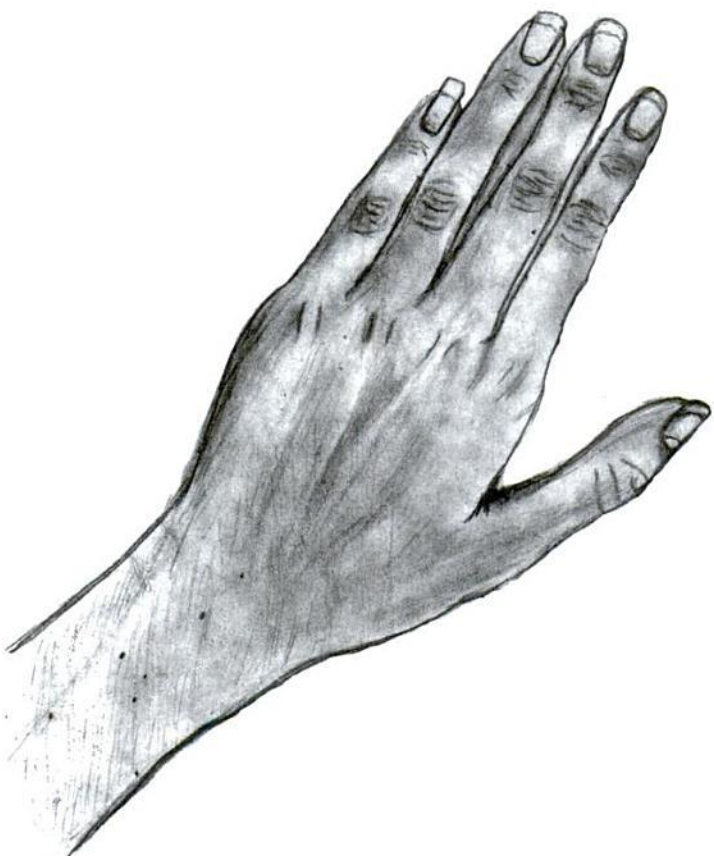
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By Amelia Roberts

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To my Dearest Mother,

I can't tell you enough just how much I truly love you, how much I truly appreciate all you have ever done for me and my siblings.

You have always cared so much for us, always put yourself last for us, spent all you had to Keep us alive and well. How you loved us so much and are always so patient with us. You are my mother and I Know that we could not ask for a better mother then you.

I love you so much and will never forget what you have done for me. My life is perfect because of you, I am strong because of you, I live happy because of you.

If I wanted a gardian angel I would ask for you. you complete me.

Love you always and forever even through our bad times.

Thank you for being my mother.

Love you lot's and always your daughter Amelia

Thank you for my life.

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Foreword

Life Is A Precious Gift

I have written this series to increase the number of kids who care for kids and to decrease the number of bullies. The definition of a bully is anyone who uses an object (hard or soft) to hit another person in anger; kicks, punches, scratches or bites another; teases another person with hurtful words; jumps on another's back when he does not want to play that game; humiliates another by throwing food onto their clothing; calls another nasty names; demeans another's character by starting rumours. When children bully children they crush the children's ability to connect with their own spirit and inner strengths. Life is a precious gift. Everyone should have the opportunity to live their life to the fullest.

Before you begin to read these stories to your children or before you give this book to an older child, you may want to tell them an inspiring personal life story. The story could be about you and friends or family being kind to each other or a stranger even when circumstances were difficult. Or you may decide to use the story which follows; "We Had Something Special." It is one of my mother's Great Depression stories. It taught me to be kind to other people even through tough times.

I have written, "A Very Special Little Person" because children need to know how a child who is being abused by children really feels and that those

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feelings and fears can lead to very harmful and sad consequences. Adrian Mathai and I collaborated to write "Do What Is Right," to help children identify with other children who have struggled to change their behavior. I have written "Merry Millie" and "Jolly Jamie" because children need to read about other children who have faced adversity, asserted themselves, asked adults and friends for help and survived without becoming abusive towards other people.

I hope the stories in this series will help you to communicate with the child or children in your care. While the stories are being read ask them questions:

"How would you feel if someone treated you like this?"

"Has a child ever hurt you?"

"How did you feel, when someone hurt you?"

"What should you do if someone hurts you?"

"How do you feel when someone likes you?"

"What should you do when you are angry at someone?"

"How can you be strong without hurting other children?"

The following are Mother Teresa's words of wisdom:

"We know now that being unwanted is the greatest disease of all," ("Mother Teresa of Calcutta – A Gift For God," page 74)

Children who are bullied by other children feel unwanted.

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"We ourselves feel that what we are doing is just a drop in the ocean. But if that drop was not in the ocean, I think the ocean would be less because of that missing drop. I do not agree with the big way of doing things. To us what matters is an individual. To get to love the person we must come in close contact with him. If we wait till we get the numbers; then we will be lost in the numbers. And we will never be able to show that love and respect for the person. I believe in person to person; every person is Christ for me," ("Mother Teresa of Calcutta – A Gift For God," page 48)

Let us remember the heroes who gave their lives to save other people on September 11. Each child can be a hero and can save lives by being kind to other children. No more acts of cowardice to steal someone else's energy. No more throwing food onto someone's clothes. No more stuffing someone under a desk or pushing someone onto a locker or tripping someone in the hall. A child can save children's lives by being kind.

"We Had Something Special"

When my mother was a girl, and that isn't very long ago because she is still alive, millions of fathers did not have jobs. My mother's father was a shoe salesman. He lost his job because people stopped buying shoes. When fathers do not have jobs, they do not have any money.

My mother's father was unable to give their landlord money to pay the rent for their apartment.

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A short time later, the landlord took all their furniture and nice dishes. All they had left was two old chairs and a few mattresses to sleep on.

My mother walked four miles to go to school; she and her sisters laughed along the way. Some of the girls at her school arrived in horse drawn carriages. My mother and her sisters were not jealous of the girls who arrived in carriages. The girls who arrived in carriages liked my mother and her sisters. They greeted each other warmly in the mornings when they entered their school.

All of the students were very proud of the shiny wooden floors in their school. They would take their boots off at the door and carry their boots to their locker while they said good morning and laughed with their friends.

My mother would walk home for lunch but most of the time she and her sisters stayed outside to laugh and play hopscotch because their mother had no food for them to eat. Sometimes if they were lucky they ate mustard sandwiches.

Sometimes when they returned to school after lunch, one of the nuns would give them half a slice of bread. This didn't happen every day because the nuns did not have very much bread and they gave the hungry children each a turn to have a half slice of bread. No one was ever upset when they did not get a piece of bread – they were happy for the person who got the piece of bread. *Even though they were almost starving, at school and at home, they were kind to each other.*

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Children enjoyed sleeping over at a friend's house in those days as we do today. One of my mother's sister's friends lived in a great big fancy house but she really enjoyed sleeping over at my mother's house. She didn't mind eating mustard sandwiches or sleeping on the sofabed with my mother's two sisters because all the children in the house laughed a lot. *Even though times were tough their household was peaceful.* Today the two women are very old but they are still friends.

Not very long ago, my mother's seventy-eight year old sister told her, "I never had a doll when I was young." My mother gave her a doll the following Christmas. Her sister cried tears of joy.

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The Very Special Little Person

Once upon a time in the very special place where prayers are heard and dreams are made, there lived a very special little person. He was not the only special person but he was a very special little person. All of the special persons were the children of All That Is Good. Their hearts were filled with love for each other and they played together all day long.

All That Is Good was all the loveliness in the universe and on earth rolled into one living being. She was the sparkle from the stars; the pink, rose, peach and blue hues at sunrise; all the first breaths of every baby that was ever born, she was the life giving warmth from a hearth, she was every good deed and she had a very pure mind.

The very special little person spent his time thinking about happy thoughts and he smiled all day long. He loved being surrounded by beautiful colours and listening to all the beautiful songs that All That Is Good would sing. She knew how to sing every sweet song that was ever sung. She could sing the sweetest bird songs and blend in the sounds of leaves rustling on a warm lilac scented spring morning. She could rock him on her waters like a boat on the sea and he would listen to her singing like waves swishing onto the shore.

One day All That Is Good asked the very special little person, "Do you want to go to earth?"

"Why would I want to go to earth?" asked the very special little person.

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"Many people on earth are not very happy. They need to see your happy smile and they need to meet someone who would never hurt anyone," said All That Is Good.



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"I would love to share my happiness with the people on earth. I will go," said the very special little person.

Before the very special little person was born, his mother-to-be who lived on earth prayed for a baby. When he was born he loved to look into his mother's eyes and his smile brightened his mother's life like the light from the sun. She loved to kiss his soft cheeks and to touch his little fingers. She loved his baby smell. She promised him that she would always do whatever she could to keep him healthy, happy and safe from harm. She named him Adrian. All That Is Good watched over Adrian and she was very happy. When Adrian was a baby he would cry only a little to let his mother know that he needed his diaper changed or to tell her that he was hungry. He seemed patient and his mother thought that he was like an angel.

Adrian was loved by all of his aunts and his uncles. They came to visit him and they would play with him.

He was his grandparents first grandchild. After a few years Adrian had two sisters. They enjoyed visiting the animals on their grandparents farm.

Adrian loved his sisters. They would play all day long. He never hurt them and they never hurt him. On sunny days they drank pink lemonade and they built castles with blankets and boxes while the alligator that Adrian's mother had made for him basked himself in the sun.

On rainy days they would swing upside down on the "jungle Jim" bed that one of his uncles had

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made for him. They would play with blocks and puzzles. Their mother would read them stories. She would bake peanut butter fudge or chocolate brownies for snack time.

Adrian loved his family but he longed to make new friends. One day Adrian and his family went to visit a family who had moved into the new house down the street. Adrian was very happy to meet the two brothers. Adrian was playing roads and bridges in the sand box with the brothers when one of them hit Adrian's head with a metal truck. Adrian's head was hurt and his feelings were hurt. He lifted his fist to hit the boy but he stopped. He did not want to hit the boy.

The boy's mother saw her son hit Adrian but she said nothing. All That Is Good was very happy that Adrian did not hit the boy. She hoped that he would set a good example and that the boy would stop hurting other children. She wanted to tell the mother to tell the boy not to hurt anyone but she could not because she was in heaven.

Adrian's mother was very proud of Adrian. She thought that he was like an angel. She told the boy who hit Adrian, "Don't hit Adrian. You should not hurt anyone."

When Adrian was five years old, he was old enough to visit with the two brothers, on his own. One day the older brother asked Adrian to stand by an archery target. They were about to take aim with a bow and arrow when Adrian's mother walked into the yard.

"Who gave you these real arrows?" she said.

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"Mom and Dad," said the boys.

Adrian's mother told the brothers' mother that they could have missed the target and hit Adrian. Their mother said, "I doubt that they would have hit Adrian. They have a good aim."

Adrian's mother told her, "Boys of any age can miss."

All That Is Good knew that parents should not give their children weapons to play with. She wanted to tell the boys' mother but she could not because she was in heaven.

Adrian and his mother went home. "I love you Adrian. I don't want them to hurt you. They can play in our house but I don't want you to play in their yard. It is too dangerous," said his mother.

Adrian was really looking forward to making new friends in kindergarten. On the first day of school he was very happy and he gave his mother a big smile as he climbed into the big yellow school bus.

During story time the children sat on a carpet in front of the teacher. A boy kicked Adrian in the back, "You are too close to me." So Adrian moved over.

Then a girl scratched him on his arm, "Give me room to breathe," she said.

Adrian thought that he had done something wrong because the teacher didn't tell the children not to hurt him. He was very sad and he was very embarrassed.

All That Is Good wanted to tell the teacher to send the children who hurt Adrian to a quiet spot

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but she could not. She wanted to tell the children not to hurt anyone and she wanted to tell them that they could have asked him to move over but she could not because she was in heaven.

When he got home his mother asked, "Why do you look so sad Adrian?" He did not know what to say. He was still embarrassed. He thought that he was foolish for having sat too close to the children.

All That Is Good wanted to tell Adrian that it was not his fault. It is not unusual for a person to bump into another person. She wanted to tell Adrian to tell his mother, because she knew that his mother would speak to his teacher. She wanted to tell him to tell his mother, "A boy and a girl hurt me today," but she could not because she was in heaven.

Adrian thought in his mind, "Tomorrow I will be more careful, I won't sit too close to them." Then Adrian had a bright idea, he asked his mother, "May I show the children at school my rock collection?"

"You have a very interesting rock collection Adrian. That is an excellent idea," said his mother.

The following day Adrian smiled broadly at his mother as he climbed eagerly into the school bus. He was looking forward to showing the children his rock collection.

When he put his rocks on the table, a boy and a girl threw them onto the floor. The teacher said, "Adrian, clean up that mess. I don't want you to bring rocks to school."

Adrian was very embarrassed because the children and the teacher did not like his rock collec-

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tion. "Maybe there is something wrong with me and maybe there is something wrong with my mother because she likes my rock collection," he thought.

All That Is Good knew that rock collections are a good tool for introducing children to minerals and geology. She wanted to tell the teacher to ask Adrian to show his collection to all the children but she could not. She wanted to tell Adrian that he had a very good rock collection but she could not. She wanted to tell Adrian to tell his mother because she knew that his mother would speak to the teacher but she could not. She wanted to tell Adrian to tell his mother, "A boy and a girl threw my rock collection off the table," but she could not because she was in heaven.

When Adrian got off the bus he threw the rocks onto the side of the road. He did not like those silly rocks anymore. When he walked into the house his mother asked, "Did they like your rock collection?"

"The rocks fell out of the bag," Adrian said.

"Well that is a shame. You can collect more rocks if you want to," said his mother. That night Adrian felt sick to his stomach and he felt sick to his stomach the next day. Sometimes Adrian had to go to school even if he felt sick to his stomach. Adrian's mother thought that he wanted to stay at home to play.

Not very long after, Adrian's mother and father moved to a new town because his father's company needed him to work there. Their new house was

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only two blocks from the school. Adrian looked forward to walking home from school.

On the first day of school he introduced himself to a group of children, "Hi, I'm Adrian, will you be my friends?" After school he ran home to tell his mother that he had made friends. "We had so much fun at recess," he said.

"What did you play?" asked his mother.

"We played house and I was the dog," he said.

The following day the teacher asked him to read out loud in front of the class. Adrian tried his very best. He was proud that he had been able to read every word, even though it had taken him a while to sound them out.

The teacher said, "Adrian has demonstrated how you should not read. Now Linda will demonstrate how we should read." Adrian was so embarrassed and so sad.

All That Is Good was proud that Adrian could read. She wanted to tell the teacher to say, "Thank you for reading, Adrian," but she could not because she was in heaven.

That day at recess, his friends began to play house and Adrian asked them if he could be the father. "No, fathers can read and you can't. You can be the dog; dogs can't read. You have to be the dog or you can't play," said one of the children.

Adrian really wanted to make friends so he agreed to be the dog but sometimes the children would put him in the pretend dog house in the far corner of the playground. After awhile, Adrian did not want to be the dog anymore. He thought that

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the children did not like him because he could not read very well.

Adrian did not know how to tell his parents that playing the dog made him feel sad because he did not know the words to express his feelings. He was embarrassed that he could not read as well as other children. He did not want his parents to know that he could not read very well.

All That Is Good wanted to tell Adrian that the children had behaved very badly towards him and that it was not his fault but she could not. She wanted to tell the children to stop asking Adrian to play the dog but she could not. She wanted to tell Adrian to tell his mother or father or someone in his family because she knew that they would help him but she could not. She wanted to tell Adrian to tell someone in his family, "I am sad when the children ask me to be the dog. They ask me to be the dog almost every day," but she could not because she was in heaven.

Adrian was very sad. His mother and father took him to Disney World and they invited his cousins to a party. They wanted him to be happy, but he was still sad.

In the classroom he looked out of the window a lot. He did not want to listen to the teacher or the children. He did not want to play with his sisters and he did not want to visit his grandparents' farm.

One day when he was walking home from school, he met three of his classmates. They were riding bicycles. As they stopped to talk to him Adrian thought, "Maybe they want me to go riding

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with them?" "You don't want to be the dog, you don't want to play with us, you don't like us," they said. Two of the children held his arms and another child drove his bicycle into Adrian's stomach.

"Ouch!" cried Adrian. "I love you. I just don't want to be the dog," he cried, and he cried. With all his might he pulled away from the two children who were holding him and began to run away. The children jumped onto their bicycles and they rode after him.

Adrian felt ashamed that he had angered the children. "Maybe I should have played the part of the dog," he thought as he continued to run as fast as he could. He was very confused.

All That Is Good knew that the people on earth had discovered how to travel the seas and how to travel into space. She knew that they were capable of teaching children not to hurt other children. She wanted to tell Adrian that it was not his fault and that he should never have played the part of the dog if he did not want to but she could not. She wanted to tell him that these children behaved very, very badly but she could not. She wanted to tell Adrian to tell someone, "The children are hurting me," but she could not because she was in heaven. All That Is Good was very upset.

Adrian was still crying and he continued to run fast because he did not want the children to hurt him. As he began to cross the road in front of his house he looked back to see how close the bicycles were because he was afraid that they would trip him. He did not see the car. The car hit Adrian.

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A neighbor ran to tell his mother and his mother yelled, "NOOooo," and she ran to help her son. Adrian died before his mother could reach him and her heart was broken forever. A neighbor drove Adrian's mother to his father's office. When his



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mother told his father he yelled, "NOOooo," and his heart was broken forever. When his sisters were told their hearts were broken forever. When his grandparents were told their hearts were broken forever. When his aunts and uncles and his cousins were told their hearts were broken forever.

When Adrian went to see All That Is Good she cuddled him and told him, "I love you Adrian; welcome back."

All of the other special persons were very happy to see the very special little person and they said, "Welcome back, we love you."

Adrian knew they loved him and he felt happy to see them but he missed his mother, father and his sisters. He fell asleep because he was very tired from his trip to earth.

"He will feel better tomorrow," said All That Is Good to the other special persons. "He will play with you when he is feeling better."

The special persons understood. They knew that it was very difficult for Adrian to feel as if he did not "fit in" while he was on earth. So they gathered around him and they gently sang a beautiful song. They hoped the people of the earth would hear "A Message From Heaven." As they sang a beautiful sunset appeared on earth. The sky was brillant with vivid pinks, peach, and blue. Then each special person kissed Adrian softly on the cheek and waited by his side until he felt better.

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A Message from Heaven

The music in your heart
and the peace in your soul
can be yours forever and ever.

Lift them up. Lift them up.
To heaven lift them up
and we'll be together forever.

Our children need our help.
They are small and they cry.
We must guide them as best we can.

Lift them up. Lift them up.
To heaven lift them up
and we'll be together forever.

It is time to take a stand.
Don't let evil take your hand.
Be guided by the light.

Lift them up. Lift them up.
To heaven lift them up
and we'll be together forever.

Simple tasks; don't let them lie.
You are fighting for their lives.
They're too small to defend themselves.

Lift them up. Lift them up.
Together lift them up.
And, we'll be together forever.

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Do What is Right

My name is Shellie. I am a girl and I go to kindergarten at Greengrass Elementary School. This is a story of a bully named Derek, a quiet boy named Spencer and a teacher named Mrs. Melissa. Also in this story, there are two green caterpillars named Alfie and Albert who have magical powers. I can tell this story because I saw it all happen. I was there.

Mrs. Melissa was a very nice teacher and she loved teaching at our school. She would always bake cookies or cakes and bring them to class every Monday. Just after story time, she would give us a cookie or a cake. Sometimes she even gave us a little bit of ice cream.

All the kids liked Mrs. Melissa. She would often read us stories. Most of the stories she read came from books that had pictures. When a storybook did not have pictures, she would draw her own pictures to show us what the story looked like. But the best part of being in Mrs. Melissa's class was that she taught us to be kind to each other. In Mrs. Melissa's class we felt safe. I have friends who go to other kindergartens in other schools. They said that their teachers never drew pictures to tell stories or baked cakes and they would often get punched, or kicked by other kids. That is when I knew I had the best kindergarten teacher in the whole wide world.

One day, two new boys came to class. Derek looked nice, smiled a lot and talked loudly. All the other kids in the class would look at him when he talked because he sounded smart. I liked Derek

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because he looked like he could run fast. I wanted to be Derek's friend. The other boy was named Spencer. Spencer was really quiet and he sucked on his little stuffed mousey's tail. He looked scared and he cried.

Mrs. Melissa sat Spencer close to her. She asked Derek to sit next to me. Then she asked me to show Derek all our toys and to introduce him to some of the other kids. I showed Derek our building blocks and puzzle pieces. I also showed him a picture of a butterfly that I drew. Derek grabbed my picture from my hand. He ripped it. I did not like that and felt bad.



"Are you going to cry?" asked Derek. "I didn't mean it," he said. "I just wanted to get a closer look. It's not my fault it ripped. You should have used thicker paper."

I was not too sure if he was right. Maybe I should have used thicker paper. Or maybe he was wrong to have ripped my butterfly picture by grabbing it. I still had to think about it before I could make up my mind. But I still liked Derek and started to show him around the class.

I introduced him to my friend Julian. Julian had made a castle almost as tall as Derek and I. All of a sudden Derek said, *"I'm the wicked green wizard,"* and he kicked over Julian's castle.

When children kicked over castles in our school the other teachers would ask the children to rebuild the castles. That was exactly what kids who kicked castles wanted. They wanted to play with our blocks when it wasn't their turn ... but Mrs. Melissa was special. Mrs. Melissa sat Derek in a chair then she extended her arms up in the air and said, *"All of the children in this classroom are more powerful than the wicked green wizard. Each of the children please tell the wicked green wizard that kicking Julian's castle was a very bad thing to do because he hurt Julian's feelings."*

One by one we took turns telling Derek, *"Kicking Julian's castle was a very bad thing to do because you hurt Julian's feelings."* Derek covered his face. When we had finished he stood up, stuck his thumb into his mouth and he hid behind the classroom door.

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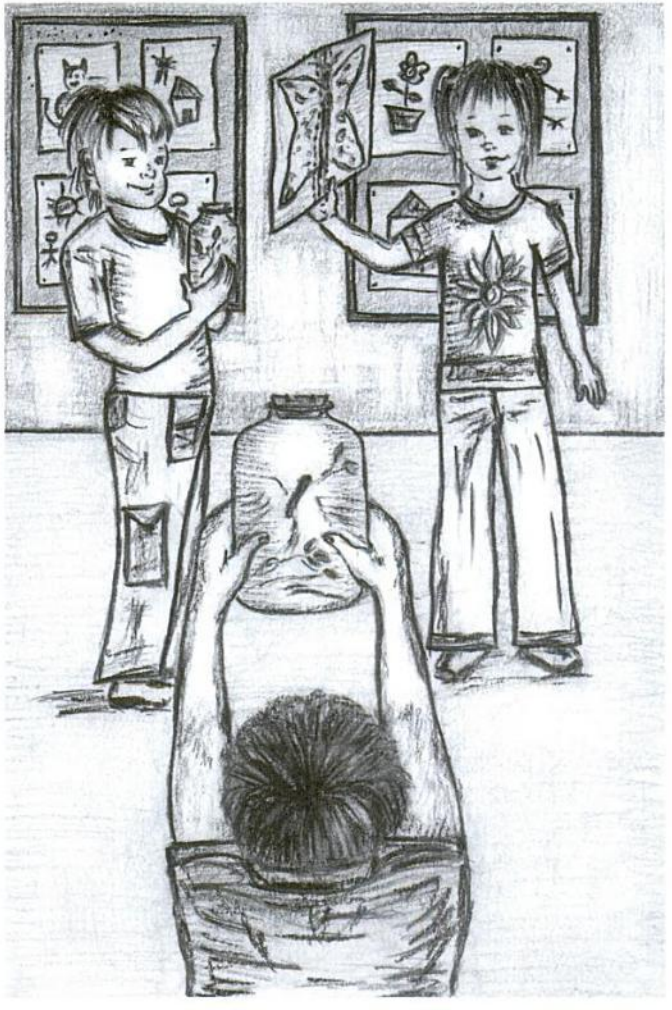
Mrs. Melissa said to Derek, "Come out from behind the door. Lunch is ready. I am not coming to get you." Derek came out still sucking his thumb.

After lunch, Mrs. Melissa played singing circle games with us. She was very nice to Spencer who



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was very shy. She told him that he did not have to stand in the center of the circle if he did not want to. Derek had fun too. I held Spencer and Derek's hands.



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After that we drew pictures. Derek drew a really nice picture and gave it to Mrs. Melissa. She cuddled him and told him, "This is a very nice picture, you are a very bright boy," and she kissed his forehead. He looked into her eyes and he smiled a nice smile.

When it was time to play with our musical instruments, Mrs. Melissa asked for a volunteer to conduct the orchestra. Spencer volunteered! He looked so happy.

Close to the end of the school day, I decided to give Derek and Spencer each a gift. I went to my shelf and took down two jars. In these jars, I had been keeping my pet caterpillars, Alfie and Albert. You see? I did not lie. I told you at the beginning of this story that there would be two green caterpillars and I kept my promise.

Derek reached onto his shelf and pulled out the picture of a butterfly that I had made. Derek had repaired the picture. It was pieced back together with tape. I was so happy that my eyes started to water a bit. I did not know what to say at first but then I remembered,

"My Dad told me that caterpillars eventually become beautiful butterflies. Maybe we can watch them grow together. Someday we will let them fly away."

"Ya," said Spencer and Derek, "That would be cool."

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Merry Milly

Merry Milly liked to be happy. She liked playing with her friends, riding her bicycle, licking ice cream cones, watching television, drawing, reading, listening to music and she really liked creating new and exotic hair-styles. When Milly left the house each day her hair shone with brightly colored ribbons and beads and she smiled at everyone she met. All the members of her family called her Merry Milly. Sometimes Merry Milly was sad but she was never sad for very long because she always shared her problems with someone and she could always think of something fun and interesting to do.

Merry Milly lived with her mother, sister and brother near a beautiful park. One day while taking a long walk in the park, Milly's mother told her that she was planning to attend a big university and that she would be very busy. Merry Milly asked her mother if she could have a gerbil to keep her company because her brother was often busy playing his electric bass guitar and her sister spent a lot of time reading and speaking to her friends on the telephone.

Merry Milly named her gerbil Pepper. She kept Pepper's cage very clean and gave him fresh water and food every day. After school she would run up to her bedroom to let Pepper out of his cage so that he could get some exercise. Milly loved Pepper.

Milly missed her mother but she was happy that her mother was not at home every day after school. When her mother was at home she remind-

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ed Milly to do her homework and to tidy her room. Milly liked to do so many other things.

She bicycled with her friends up and down the street and she played with them in the park across from her house. When her friends couldn't come



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out to play she played with Pepper, and he would scamper up and down her arms as she twisted her hair into braids. Pepper would sit on her shoulder or lap while she listened to music or read a book or while she watched television and he sat beside her when she painted the inside of her bedroom closet with fairies and elves.

One cold winter morning when her mother was busier than she had ever been and her brother and sister were busy doing things that teenagers do and her girlfriends were ignoring her, Milly's Pepper died.

Milly found Pepper's stiff little body before she had to leave for school. Milly laid him on her chest and she cried and cried. Hot salty tears streamed down her face. Milly was very sad. She did not want to go to school, but she did not want to stay at home alone. Milly buried Pepper in a hole at the base of a tree. She covered the hole with dirt and snow. Then she went back into the house and took her toy orangutan to school because she was feeling very lonely and the toy helped to cheer her up.

At school Mrs. None told Milly in front of her classmates that she was too old to bring a stuffed toy to school. At recess, her classmates ignored her. Milly felt that her teacher didn't like her and she felt that her friends didn't like her. She was very sad.

During lunch time she was sitting alone when she heard Brittany crying. Karl had taken Brittany's cake. "You don't need this cake – you're too fat," said Karl as he ate Brittany's cake. Merry Milly

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thought, "I'm not the only one who is having a bad day."

Merry Milly walked over to Brittany and she gave her two chocolate cookies. "You are not fat," Milly said to Brittany. Milly left Brittany for a few seconds and came back with a paper and pencil. On the paper she drew a picture of a woman with a nice waistline and she showed it to Brittany. "Someday you will look like this Brittany," said Milly. Brittany smiled, and she looked as if she felt a little bit better. Merry Milly felt a little bit better too.

That night Merry Milly told her mother EVERYTHING. Milly told her that Pepper had died and she told her that her friends were ignoring her. And she told her that her teacher had said that she was too old to bring a stuffed toy to school.

Merry Milly's mother told Milly that losing Pepper was very painful and sad and that it was perfectly normal for a child to cuddle a toy when they were feeling sad. She told Milly that she would speak to her teacher. Then her mother told Milly about her special plans for the next day. Milly asked her if she could bring Brittany. Milly's mother said, "I will have to call Brittany's mother, to ask her if Brittany may join us."

In the morning, Merry Milly found a cheery note decorated with happy faces and hearts. The note reminded Milly of how much her mother loved her. Milly could hardly wait until lunch time.

When lunch time arrived Merry Milly put on her coat and boots grabbed her lunch box, took Brittany by the hand and ran out to the parking lot.

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There, surrounded by mountains of snow, was her mother's little car. The girls climbed in and Milly's mother handed them cups of hot chocolate milk. "Hmm, Hmm!" It was so delicious. Milly and Brittany felt safe and warm as they looked at the snow falling all around them.

When Merry Milly and Brittany returned to their classroom, the other children wanted to know where they had been. Milly and Brittany told their classmates that they had lunch in Milly's mother's car. The children looked surprised and they said, "That's cool."

Merry Milly's mother met Brittany and Milly at lunch time, in her car, for three days. Milly thought that her mother was very cool. Brittany made Milly a cute little sock doll and gave her a special home-made friendship card.

Friday was a very cold day so the children did not go out to play for recess. After eating lunch in the classroom, Merry Milly gave Brittany a new hair style decorated with beads. Milly's old friends were nice to her again and they were also nice to Brittany but Milly knew that her best friend was Brittany.

On Saturday evening, Merry Milly and her mother went to a drug store and Milly tried on every sample of perfume. She dabbed some on her wrists and all the way up her arms. She even dabbed some on her knees! She thought that all the perfumes smelled beautiful. The beautiful smells helped to make her feel happy. She wanted to take something that smelled nice to her house. So as she saw her mother walking toward the cashier she

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asked, "Will you buy this strawberry bubble bath for me please?"

"Sure," said Milly's mother with a big smile.

When they got home Merry Milly asked if they could both put on their bathing suits and sit in the bathtub together. Milly thought that sitting in a wonderful strawberry scented bubble bath would be a lovely way to spend some time with her mother. The bubble bath and her mother's company helped Merry Milly to feel really good.

After their bath they put on their cozy flannelette night gowns and watched a video. During the video Merry Milly asked her mother to rub her back and they took turns rubbing each other's feet. Milly felt so cozy.

Before going to bed they looked out at the moon and Merry Milly asked her mother to sing her favorite bed time song. Hearing her mother sing the song reminded Milly of how much her mother loved her. Milly felt that she was loved.

Merry Milly thought she had a good life. She thought that she would always live in her cozy little house with her mother, brother and sister. Then one day while taking a long walk in the park, her mother told her that her brother and sister were going to be moving into apartments with their friends and that she was planning to be married. Merry Milly was really happy because she thought that it would be wonderful to live in her stepfather's big house. Merry Milly asked her mother, "May I have a kitten?"

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"I think so, but we will have to discuss it with your stepfather. A kitten would be nice company for his cat," said her mother.

Milly thought that she would be very happy in the big house with her new kitten but after a while she decided that the house was too big and her room was too big. Milly missed her cozy little room with her paintings of fairies and elves in the closet. She missed her brother and sister. She missed Brittany. She missed being able to do whatever she pleased after school. Her mother or stepfather were always at home when she came home from school and she couldn't watch television on school days. She had to do her HOMEWORK! She had to keep her room TIDY! Milly became angry. So she wrote all of her angry thoughts in a diary. Writing in the diary helped Milly to get rid of her angry feelings.

Merry Milly was very excited about going to her first junior high school dance. She wanted to dance and to forget about her problems for a while.

At the dance, she met Cameron. She had seen him at band practice, he made her laugh and he talked about interesting things. They danced and danced and talked and talked and laughed and laughed. Cameron called her at home and they talked and talked and laughed and laughed. Milly told him that she was not happy living in her new house with her stepfather. Cameron suggested that she should tell her mother about ALL of her bad feelings.

One day Merry Milly asked her mother to go for a walk and she told her mother EVERYTHING!

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Milly told her mother that she missed her sister and brother and Brittany. She told her mother that she didn't like doing her HOMEWORK.

Her mother told her that her brother and sister would be coming for visits. Her mother told her that she could invite Brittany to come for visits on long weekends and holidays. Her mother also told her that her new friends were welcome to come over after school for a snack and to do homework and that they were welcome to visit her on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. This discussion helped Merry Milly to feel better. When they got home Milly asked if they could decorate her bedroom.

The following weekend Merry Milly and her mother painted a bright yellow and royal blue sun on one bedroom wall, and small yellow stars all over the other walls. They moved the furniture around her bedroom and her mother bought her a new comforter that was printed with suns, stars and moons. Milly and her mother had a lot of fun decorating her bedroom. After all that work Milly was very tired but she was very, very merry.

Every morning when she awoke, the brightly colored sun reminded her of that happy weekend. Milly felt that she was loved. Shortly after that Merry Milly began to keep a gratitude journal. Every day she wrote in her journal five things for which she was grateful.

Merry Milly's grades began to soar. One day she ran into the kitchen and announced to her mother, "I got 100% on my Math test and 75% on my Geography test, and 88% in History."

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Merry Milly thought that it felt great to get good grades. She had always thought that she was stupid but now she realized that she was really smart. Milly was so happy that she could do something she never thought that she could do. She still



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missed being able to watch television but now she really wanted to do her homework because it felt really good to get good grades.

At the end of the school year, Merry Milly and her parents were invited to the awards ceremony at school. Milly wore a fantastic hairstyle and she was presented with an award for "Outstanding Effort." Milly felt very happy because the teachers had noticed that she had worked very hard. Milly could feel that her mother and stepfather were very proud of her. Merry Milly felt that she was loved.

Five years of high school went by quickly. The year that Milly graduated was a year of very high moments and very, very low moments. One of the happiest moments of that year was playing a trumpet solo in the "Les Miserable" medley at the spring band concert. She had never played a solo before and although she had practiced and practiced, she was truly very nervous. Her mother, stepfather, grandparents, aunt and cousin were in the audience and she wanted to show everybody that she could do it.

As she raised her trumpet her elbows locked into place because she was so nervous. She did not know if she could play with locked elbows but it was too late, she had to play. So she did, and every note was sweet and perfect. All of her band friends and family congratulated her. And the next day the entire band applauded her efforts. Milly felt that she was loved.

Merry Milly always spoke to her mother about her problems because she knew that her mother

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would help her to find a solution to the problems. However, one day something very, very sad happened – Milly's brother died. Milly knew that her mother could not bring him back.

Milly's feelings were all jumbled up. She was very, very sad and very, very angry and she wanted to forget that she ever had a brother because it hurt too much to think about him. She did not even know how to talk about her strange feelings. She did not know how to tell her mother and she was afraid to upset her mother because her mother was very, very sad. So Milly asked her mother if she could speak to a psychologist. Her mother said, "You are a wise girl Milly, you always know when to ask for help. I will make an appointment for you to meet with a psychologist." Milly felt that her mother understood her. Milly felt loved.

The psychologist helped Milly to understand her feelings. Milly can now enjoy looking through her brother's photo albums and she enjoys wearing his watch. She misses her brother but she will not let his death ruin the rest of her life. She feels that there are so many interesting people to meet and so many interesting things to do. Sometimes you don't get what you want but if you are willing to wait, good things will happen to you.

Milly asked Cameron at school if he would escort her to the graduation ball but he could not because he had accepted to go with someone else. Milly called her sister who lived 3,000 miles away, "I would love to go with Chris your brother-in-law but he lives 3,000 miles away."

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When her sister told Chris he said, "I would love to be Milly's escort."

A few weeks later Chris flew 3,000 miles in an airplane and arrived in the city where Milly lived.



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During the week, Milly and Chris went sightseeing in the city. On Saturday night, Chris escorted Milly to her graduation ball.

At the ball Milly felt very special because Chris was a special friend who cared for her. They shone with happiness as they danced and danced until midnight. Then they slid into a limousine with four of their friends and they toured the city until dawn. They sat on the top of a mountain over-looking the city as the first glow of morning began to break the night sky and the birds began to chirp. Even though Merry Milly was very tired she said, "It feels so good to be alive."

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Jolly Jamie

Jolly Jamie was a very **POWERFUL** man. He could toss a whole tree trunk and play bagpipes. He had built his house and he had planted a beautiful garden. On weekends he frequently sat in his garden and painted pictures of his three beautiful children. Sometimes the children would crawl all over



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him as he painted and he continued to sit like a big rock under the oak tree. Jolly Jamie was very gentle with his wife and children and he was very gentle with all of the children he saw each day. Jolly Jamie was a doctor for little children and he was a scientist. Jolly Jamie was **POWERFUL** because he helped little children and cared for his family.

His heart was filled with love; the love that he gave to them and the love that they gave to him. This love made him feel very **POWERFUL**.

When Jamie was a boy he was very thin and small. His father thought that Jamie was weak because he would not hit other children. Jamie had overheard his father say, "What's wrong with that boy. I would have punched the kid in the nose when I was his age. He's a weak little nerd."

Jamie felt that his father did not like him. He really wanted his father to like him.

Jamie tried to please his father. On Saturday and Sunday mornings he would not use the microwave oven or toaster until his father woke up because his father liked to sleep in and the sounds from the microwave oven and toaster would wake him. So Jamie would quietly tip-toe into his parents' bedroom to check whether or not his father had taken off his sleeping mask. If his father was still wearing his sleeping mask he would wait.

Jamie tried to remember to put his boots away in the entrance closet but sometimes he forgot and his father would throw them out of the house into the freezing cold. Jamie's feet would feel frozen when he would put his boots on in the morning.

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Jamie remembered to put the dishes in the dishwasher but once when the dishwasher was working he left two glasses beside the sink. His father noticed the two glasses beside the sink and he went berserk. He yelled at Jamie. Jamie thought this was unfair because he could not put the glasses into the dishwasher when it was working.

When Jamie's father came home from work he exercised for an hour each day. Jamie wondered why his father could not toss a caber like his mother's brother, uncle Don.

Sometimes at night his father would play poker with his friends. Jamie remembered that his father did not come home for his birthday party because he was playing poker with his friends. Jamie cried a little when he thought that no one was looking. His uncle Don noticed and asked, "Is there anything I can do for you Jamie?"

Jamie said, "I wish my Dad liked me."

That was the night that his uncle asked him if he would like to play the bagpipes or the drums in the Maxville Highland Pipes and Drum Band. Jamie decided he wanted to learn how to play the bagpipes.

Jamie's bagpipe teacher, Master Huggins, was a kind old man with a long grey beard and long teeth. He would take his young pipers deep into the woods by the clubhouse so that they wouldn't disturb the drummers who were practicing. Master Huggins always gave them a hand to help them to cross the small creek. The children and their teacher would sit on a log and quietly listen to the birds

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and then they would try to imitate the rhythm and the sound of the bird calls. Sometimes they would simply listen to the rustle of the leaves and to the silence when the wind whispered away. Master Huggins told the children that the silences in music were as important as the notes. Jolly Jamie loved to practice in the woods with his friends. He felt that he was a part of nature's music. However, the best part of the evening was when they returned to the clubhouse to rehearse with the drummers. His uncle would hammer away at the huge base drum and the other drums and pipes would join in. That was a very **POWERFUL** sound! Jamie felt he was creating part of the very **POWERFUL** music.

The next week was not a good week. Jamie's father was not speaking to him and three bullies at school began to punch him during recess. Jamie challenged them to a boxing match.

Everyday after school he put on the red boxing gloves that his father had given him and fought one of the bullies. Jamie won every match but he wasn't happy.

One Friday evening he was sitting on the porch steps with his head in his hands. His uncle sat beside him because they were waiting for Master Huggins to arrive. Suddenly a group of children rounded the corner on their bicycles and they yelled out, "Way to go, Buddy the Boxer."

"What was that all about?" asked his uncle.

Jamie told him **EVERYTHING**. He told him about the bullies at school and the boxing matches

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and he told him that his father would not talk to him.

"Did you tell your mother about the bullies at school? asked his uncle.

"No," said Jamie. "The boys will laugh at me if my mother speaks to my teacher."

"Well I'm very glad you told me," said his uncle, "but you should have told your mother. My parents talked to my teacher. The bully never knew anything about their conversation."

"My teacher will not do anything about it," said Jamie.

"You haven't had a very good week. I'm like you Jamie, I don't like to punch other people. It makes me sad too. You can become strong without hurting other people. We are like great danes; they are very strong dogs but they are very gentle," said uncle Don.

At band practice, Master Huggins gave each of the boys a copy of a Scottish tale because the music they were going to rehearse was written for the people in the story. Master Huggins asked each of the boys to read a paragraph. Jamie did not like being asked to read because he did not know how to read and he was in sixth grade. When Master Huggins asked Jamie to read, Jamie lowered his head and he blushed a deep red. "I can't," said Jamie.

"What can't you do?" asked Master Huggins.

"I can't read," said Jamie.

The other children laughed and they turned around in their seats to look at Jamie. "Hush," said

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Master Huggins sternly as he looked at the children. The children stopped laughing and they sat up straight and looked at Master Huggins.

"I will talk to you about this later Jamie. Don't worry, it's OK," said Master Huggins. After rehearsal Master Huggins said to Jamie, "I think that I can teach you how to read Jamie. I have a plan that might help you."

That night Jamie heard his father's motorcycle pull into the driveway and Jamie checked the time on his alarm clock. It was midnight. Shortly after his father entered the house, he heard his father shout and he heard his mother cry and he heard the front door slam as his father was leaving.

From his bedroom window Jamie saw his father place his helmet over the bald spot on his head and then he saw his father ride off into the night on his motorcycle. Jamie wondered why his father had left in the middle of the night. Jamie was very confused.

Jamie heard a knock on his bedroom door. "Jamie I'm sorry about all the noise," said Jamie's mother when she walked into his bedroom. She looked very very sad as she sat on his bed. Jamie's mother touched his hand but Jamie pulled his hand away. "I'm sorry Jamie. I know that this is very confusing. It is not your fault and it is not my fault. Try not to worry. We are going to be OK. I love you," said his mother.

Before he fell asleep Jamie heard his mother talking on the telephone but he was too exhausted

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to listen and he didn't even want to know what she was talking about.

The next morning before Jamie had opened his eyes he felt something warm and wet lick his face. When he opened his eyes he could not believe what he saw. It was a huge great dane puppy. He looked up and saw his mother and his uncle smiling. Jamie's uncle sat on his bed and the puppy licked his face too.

"May I keep him?" Jamie asked his mother.

"Yes, Jamie," said his mother.

"Wow," said Jamie. "I'll name him King." Jamie put his arms around King's neck and he kissed his ear. "Thank you, thank you so much," said Jamie as he patted King's head.

Then they heard the door bell ring and Master Huggins bellowed, "Anybody home." They all ran downstairs. Master Huggins was very surprised to see King.

As Jamie was having breakfast the three older people sat around the kitchen table and drank coffee while they told Jamie about their special plans. His uncle told him that he was going to live with them, because he was going to help Jamie's mother to pay the bills.

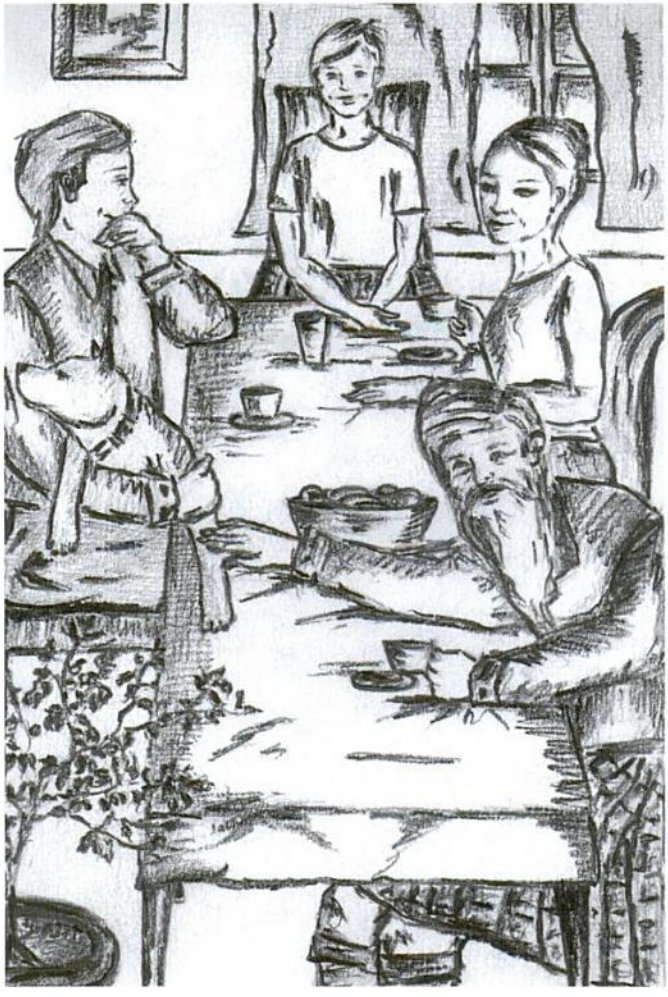
Master Huggins told him about a woman he knew who had taught her four children at home. "I'm retired from my practice and I would like to teach you Jamie if you would like to go to school at my house," said Master Huggins.

"May I walk to your house with King?" asked Jamie.

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"You certainly may," said Master Huggins.

They all heard Jamie's father's motorcycle pull into the driveway but no one got up from the table. "I'm getting a few things," yelled Jamie's father as he climbed the stairs. When Jamie heard his father



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leaving the house he yelled out, "Bye Dad." Uncle Don, Master Huggins, Jamie's mother and King were seated around Jamie at the table and they smiled. Jamie smiled because he felt very safe.

Every morning uncle Don would come down the stairs and give Jamie's mother a hug and a kiss on the cheek. "Dad never hugged and kissed Mom. Uncle Don really likes Mom," thought Jamie.

Uncle Don told Jamie that his mother was really smart. "She would get 95% in calculus when she was in college," said uncle Don.

"Wow," said Jamie. "I didn't know that Mom was smart."

"She is still very, very smart," said uncle Don.

Jamie thought that his mother looked different. The circles under her eyes were gone and she smiled more often. Sometimes Jamie heard her singing in the shower. Hearing his mother sing made Jamie happy.

Every day Jolly Jamie and King would walk over to Master Huggins' house. King would lay quietly during the morning lessons. After the first couple of days Master Huggins discovered why Jamie had been unable to read. Teachers had taught Jamie to skip the words that he did not know when he read a sentence. They had taught Jamie to gather the meaning of sentences from the other words. Master Huggins told Jamie never to skip any words and he taught him how to look for the meaning of words he did not know in a dictionary. Within a month Jamie was reading. Jamie was so proud and excited.

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There were so many books that he wanted to read. He felt normal and this made him **POWERFUL.**

Jamie worked on his school lessons at Master Huggins house for three hours every morning. After lunch Master Huggins and Jamie would do a lot of different things.

On Mondays they went to the library and afterwards Jamie would visit with other children who were taught at home. On Tuesday they painted paintings. On Wednesday afternoons they worked at building something. On Thursday afternoons Master Huggins taught Jamie science and they worked on experiments. On Friday afternoons they worked in the gardens at Master Huggins house and Jamie worked in the gardens at his mother's house. Jamie learned the names of all of the plants and he learned what they need to be healthy. Master Huggins paid Jamie ten dollars per week and Jamie's mother paid him ten dollars per week for working in their gardens. Jamie saved his money and bought himself a bicycle. He rode his bicycle to Master Huggins house and King ran beside him.

Jamie loved studying at Master Huggins house. Jamie discovered that he could concentrate on school work because he wasn't worrying about what the bullies would do. Master Huggins was "so cool" he knew everything about science, plants, animals, painting and building things.

Jamie had been attending classes at Master Huggins house for three years. One sunny Friday morning, while walking with King to his lessons a police officer stopped Jamie. "You didn't pick up

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the mess that your dog laid beside the sidewalk. This offense is against a city by-law," said the officer. Then he gave Jamie a ticket for one hundred dollars.

Jamie was shocked, he had never heard of such a by-law. Jamie was also very worried. "How am I going to pay a one hundred-dollar ticket? I don't have one hundred dollars. My mother doesn't have one hundred dollars because she is studying and she isn't getting paid very much at work. Uncle Don doesn't have one hundred dollars because he is paying for the bills. And Master Huggins doesn't have one hundred dollars because he is always talking about stretching a dollar," thought Jamie.

At band practice Jamie didn't feel like playing because he was worried about the one hundred-dollar ticket. Jamie and King left while Jamie's friends were playing their bagpipes in the forest. Jamie walked through the forest and onto a beach where he was warmed by the setting sun. The scene was truly beautiful. The sky was colored with pink, rose and blue hues. There were only two women on the beach and a group of children playing in the calm water. A gentle breeze touched Jamie's face as he breathed in the fresh air.

Suddenly, the children began to shout, "Evan, is stuck, Evan is stuck under the water!"

The women were the first to reach the child but the child did not come up. The boy's foot was wedged under a log with a huge rock sitting on it. The women were not able to lift the rock. The women yelled, "Help, Help!"

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Jamie and King dove into the water. Jamie saw that the boy's eyes were closed. He knew that the boy would die if he did not lift the rock. Something happened inside of Jamie that he had never felt before. His blood became hot. He felt his whole body bulge out as he lifted the rock and as he tossed the log into the evening air.

Jamie took the boy into his arms and raced to the beach. He told one of the women to call for an ambulance. He laid the boy on the sand and breathed his own breath into the boy until the boy began to cough and to spit out water. When he heard Evan's first breath, happy tears came into Jamie's eyes. Helping Evan made Jamie **POWERFUL**.

"My baby," cried Evan's mother. "Thank you, thank you so much!"

When Jamie handed Evan to his mother, her love for her son ran through Evan's body and into Jamie's heart. Jamie had never felt so **POWERFUL**. The other children on the beach hugged Jamie's legs and they said, "Thank you. Thank you,"

Jamie knelt down and gave them a big group hug. "That was very scary. Thank you for noticing that he was stuck and thank you for calling out for help."

On his way home while sitting in the car with uncle Don and Master Huggins, Jamie understood why uncle Don and Master Huggins helped him. They had saved Jamie from the bullies at school and that made them **POWERFUL**. Jamie knew that he wanted to be a **POWERFUL** man like uncle Don

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and Master Huggins. He did not want to be a weak man like his father. His father was selfish.

When Jamie got home he went into the kitchen and he gave his mother a hug. Happy tears filled her eyes and she turned around and hugged



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Jamie. Jamie felt his mother's love enter his body and it made him **POWERFUL**. Jamie's love entered his mother's body and it made her **POWERFUL**.

Jamie decided to tell his mother about the police officer and the one hundred-dollar ticket because he knew she was really smart and that she would help him to find a solution. "I didn't know about this by-law Jamie. Thank you for telling me about your problem," said his mother. She told him that he could pay the city twenty dollars every month for five months from the money he earned for working in her garden and from the money he earned for working in Master Huggins' garden. Jamie felt relieved.

That night there was a beautiful full moon in the sky. Jolly Jamie and his mother sat on the deck to have their milk and cookies. The glow from the moon gently shone on their faces. The air was light and the night very quiet. Jamie turned to his mother and said, "I love you Mom."

"I love you too, Jamie," said his mother.

They sat in the soft light of the moon for a long time.

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A collection of stories to help parents, educators, teachers and children to create environments in which all children may flourish.

Children develop well in safe environments. They should not be subjected to violence from their peers. No one should be subjected to an environment in which they feel a need to "defend themselves" on a daily basis. Such an environment crushes children's ability to connect with their own spirit and inner strengths.

These stories bring lessons of empathy and caring. All children can develop the ability to assert themselves while treating other children with kindness and respect. These stories will help children to cultivate this most noble of inner strengths.

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